

# HOW THEY WERE SAVED.

On the western coast of Glasgow, where the North Sea's waters flow, the fishing town of Hutton lies. And a brave old woman's assertion once saved its folk from woe.

In the bitter winter weather there is ice upon the sea, but seldom can the people pass upon the harbor, smooth as glass and clear as ice can be.

So when this happened, all rejoiced, and hastened from the town down to the frozen, glistening sands. And soon the merry, laughing bands were skating up and down.

Old Gretchen, stretched upon her bed, beheld the skies with fear; the ill and poor, and quite forgot. She watched for those who headed not the danger that was near.

She saw the clouds together roll, that brought an ocean blast, and huddled to the door, she cried, With all her might, "Take haste! the tide! The tide is rising fast!"

But no one heard her feeble voice, nor saw her wild alarm: None dreamed that soon the cruel waves might bury them in billowy graves. Were they not snatched from harm.

So summoning all her strength, she plucked a brand from out the fire; she hurried it, blazing, on her bed, and while with tottering steps she fled, the flames rushed high and higher.

The skaters saw the burning house, and toward the door they ran, the leader shouting: "Brothers, fly! The Gretchen's cottage—we must try to save her if we can!"

All hastened, women, children, all, on Gretchen's help intent. When, scarcely had they left the ice, there came a crash, repeated thrice, and waves rose turbulent.

Ah! then the grateful people saw the woman's kind device: She burned her only shelter down to save the folk of Hutton town. From death upon the ice.

And need I tell you Gretchen lived henceforth all alone? Each tried to serve the others—thus a blessing waits for all of us In kindly acts of love.

—JAMES M. PRATT, in Golden Days.

## THE BORDER PREACHER.

A Singular But True Story—Lights and Shadows of Western Life.

[Written for This Paper.]

LIGHT shone from the open door of the low log structure that answered the double purpose of church and school-house. The gleam fell upon the yellowish leaves of a paw-paw tree that stood close to the path that led to the door. Beyond the paw-paw was an irregular mass that moved restlessly in the darkness. Observed closely, it would have resolved itself into a number of horses tied to sapplings, and stepping about restlessly as they stretched their heads toward the tempting leaves beyond their reach.

Divine services were going on in the log building and the tones of the minister floated out into the darkness in solemn cadence. Often they were interrupted by a deep, grunted "A-a-men!" or "U-m-m-ah! Yes, Lord!" the manner in which many border worshippers express their approbation of the preacher's utterances. A mounted figure came close to the shaft of light and dismounted. As he did so, the stamping of the restless horses reached his ears. Nonetheless he made his animal fast to a red-bud stem and crept through the bushes to where the uneasy equines were tied.

He passed from horse to horse, feeling swiftly over each, as if in the darkness his hands were doing duty for eyes in revealing the merits or demerits of each animal. The result was not a pleasing one for he uttered a grunt of disgust and muttered, half aloud:

"This yere's the ornariest lay out o' horses in seven States. Horses, huh! They're buzzard bait. This leetle filly is the only one with takin'."

The voice of the preacher came clear and strong to the ears of the man among the horses. He listened a moment as the clear voice told in simple words the sweet truths of the Bible. Some how, the words of the Good Book seemed to the man in the darkness to be addressed directly to himself, and presently, as he listened, he removed his old slouch hat as reverently as if he had been within the sanctuary.

Then, as the words of invitation and consolation rang out clear and sweet, the man by the horses removed his hand from the neck of the little mare and muttered: "Preacher is a stunner, shore. Reckon I'll leave the filly. Might belong to the preacher, an' bein' a preacher, o' course, hit's the only horse he's got."

As he returned to his own animal, he paused again to listen. Presently, he dropped the hand that was untying the bridle, and strode into the bar of light that shone from the open door.

"Hanged if I don't try hit a whirr," he muttered. "Be'n a long time sence I've set in a church."

His slouching entrance was scarcely noticed by the congregation of shock-headed men and saw-toothed women so attentive were they to the preacher's utterances.

The preacher was a small, pale-faced man, plainly, almost shabbily dressed, and as he stepped awkwardly back and forth behind the rude pulpit, the last corner saw that he was lame. But with wondrous power he sent the words of the Gospel thrilling home to the hearts of the border congregation. The story of the young preacher told so thrillingly was that of the great love of the Saviour, and so sweet was the picture he presented that each hearer felt as if he had never heard the story before. The last corner scarcely moved as he drank in the eloquent utterances. He forgot the congregation, his surroundings, every

thing, and knew only the words that the pale-faced preacher spoke. Then he rose and slouched out, and mounting his horse, dashed away down a bridle path, where, he neither knew nor cared. Presently some small animal sprang from the path, and the horse swerved to one side, and the next moment there came a blow on the rider's head as if the great hackberry tree that stretched far above had fallen upon him. Then, as he fell silently from the horse, the animal kicked the unconscious man before he had hardly touched the earth.

An hour after, the pale-faced preacher, limping along the path, almost stumbled over the prostrate figure beneath the great hackberry. The old slouch hat had fallen from his head and the blood from a long wound across his forehead had soaked his matted hair.



HE MANAGED TO CONVEY THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN TO THE LITTLE LOG HUT.

The preacher's slight form staggered under the task, but by a series of heroic efforts, he managed to convey the unconscious man to the little log hut where he lived alone. It was many days before the sufferer could do more than sit like a helpless child in the old splint-bottomed rocker and watch the preacher as he limped back and forth attending to the wants of his unexpected guest.

The stranger had been badly hurt. The blow on his head as he came in contact with a low-hanging limb, had very nearly fractured his skull, and the kick of the horse had broken several ribs. However, he bore his pains without a murmur, and did little but hold his peace and watch every movement of the young preacher. The latter wondered, as the days passed by, why his guest gave not the least account of himself and expressed no desire to see or send any message to any one. He did not mention his name, and the preacher, not given to prying into the affairs of others, did not pry into his. Each day the preacher seemed to work harder and grow paler. Nightly he preached at one of several log school-houses, and nightly he walked, limpingly, to and from the place of worship, unless one of the congregation furnished the means of transportation, and as they rarely did so he generally walked.

During his absences the wounded man busied himself with reading the scanty literature of the house or thought fiercely and often half aloud. One day, there came a letter addressed in a dainty feminine hand, and the preacher had almost completed its answer when the hour arrived for him to start for the little log church. After he had gone, the invalid saw that the letter and its unfinished answer lay on the home-made table, and without scruples proceeded to read both.

"From his sweetheart," the invalid said aloud as he finished reading the letter. "Fore leetle gal, I kin almost seem to see her as I read them lines. That she is, 'way back East waitin' for the day when her lover kin send the money to bring her out yere to him. The time has be'n a mighty long one already, she says, but she'll wait for him if hit takes half her life. Brave leetle girl! Bides him keep up his courage for she is shore he'll soon git the money, for every body's so generous in the West, and will pay him well for his work, she is certain."

The invalid paused and shook one hard fist at an imaginary auditor.

"Yes, hang ye! Pay him well? Yes, you'll pay him well w'en yer dad-blamed souls got bigger. If you was white you'd pay more money an' do less gruntin' in church. Look at hit!" he went on, with rising wrath. "Yere's a man an' a Christian a-workin' his life outen his crippled body to save yer souls, an' in return you give him enough to keep him from plumb starvin'. All the whole kit uv ye air good fer to raise horses fer me to run off."

Again he shook his fist fiercely at the imaginary auditor.

"That's dirt fer ye, the dad-blamed dirty dirt ever I seed worked on a man. Look at hit! Yere, fer workin' himself to death fer yer souls, ye pay him so leetle that the time when he kin bring his leetle waitin' sweetheart West seems years off! Yes, an' yere I am, a-doin' ye no good an' stealin' every one o' yer horses I kin git my hands on. In my case, ye club together an' offer a reward uv two hundred dollars jist to git me. Give him starvation, reward an' have him all the time, an' offer two hundred dollars jist to have me a few hours. That's reason, haint hit?"

Then he turned to the unfinished answer to the letter. Though simply told, it was a story with a world of pathos in it, and the reader sniffed suspiciously once or twice and rubbed a rusty sun-burned hand across his eyes. It dwelt but lightly upon his trials and spoke most hopefully of the happy future when they should meet again. There was pathos in his very hope, hoping as it was against almost absolute certainty. It told of the religious enthusiasm of the worshippers who nightly listened to the teachings of the Good Book, but said not a word of the scanty pittance they paid him for his labor, nor enough to permit him to buy or hire a horse to ride with him to or from his place of duty.

When he reached the abrupt ending of the letter, the reader again shook

his fist at the imaginary listener and cursed him roundly. "Two hundred dollars fer me an' nothin' for this man—this hero!" he half shouted. Suddenly, a thought seemed to strike him, and he brought one hard fist down on the table with a sounding thump.

"I'll do hit!" he said, earnestly. Then, as he seized a pen and a piece of paper, he muttered again: "I'll do hit; blamed if I don't! He shall have his sweetheart, an' that, too, mighty quick!"

It was after midnight when the preacher returned and it seemed to the other that he looked paler and limped more painfully than usual. "My friend," the preacher said, presently, "I am glad you have so nearly recovered for this house can shelter you but a few days longer."

"W'y?" asked the invalid; "air ye gittin' tired o' me?"

"Certainly not. But the owner of this house has warned me to leave because I am unable to pay the rent and—"

"Is he a member uv yer congregation?"

"He is."

"How much does he give toward payin' yer salary?"

"It seems as if he could be a trifle more liberal, but the fact is, he gives just one dollar per month, and I am almost forced to beg to get that."

"What'll ye do now?"

"I do not know. Doubtless I'll see my way out of it all, but I do not, now, I—"

"Parson, will ye do me a favor, one more on top o' all you've done fer me?"

"Gladly, if I can," the young preacher replied.

"Take this note to the leader of the Protective Association—"

"Amos Hudden?"

"That's him! He's a particular friend o' mine, an' 'll be mighty glad to see me. Do this right now an' hit'll be the last thing I'll ask uv ye."

When the young preacher had limped wearily away in the darkness, the other thumped the table with one hard fist and chuckled audibly: "Oh, you bet yer life Amos Hudden'll be glad to see me! So'll all the balance of the vigilantes. Two hundred dollars reward fer me an' nothin' for the preacher! Wal, he'll have the two hundred fer givin' me up an' the vigilantes'll have me." Then he sat silently thinking. "I could skin out yit an' give 'em the slip," he muttered, presently. "This means penitentiary or lynch; most likely lynch." He picked up the letter from the preacher's sweetheart, and read it again in his stumbling way.

"Two hundred dollars'll make them pore souls happy," he mused. "This yere means lynchin' fer me, I reckon. Wal, let 'em lynch! Mebbe—mebbe—" He faltered and paused as if trying to recollect something. "Mebbe—what's that thar verse in the Bible I yeared the preacher repeatin' t'other night? 'Greater love hath no man than he lay down his life for his friend.' That's hit, an' mebbe—"

The door opened softly and half a dozen men with weapons in their hands entered without a word. Not a movement of the invalid's face showed that he understood the errand that had brought these stern, silent men to the cabin.

"Howdy!" he saluted. "Take cheer, gentlemen."

"Jack Harris," said the leader of the vigilantes, "we want you!"

"Wal, haint ye got me?" asked the other, quietly.

"Yes," muttered the leader, "an' we're a-goin' to keep ye!"

"Wal, I don't reckon I blame ye," Harris answered. "Hit's be'n a long time sence ye got a chance at me an' I don't wonder ye want to keep me. Did the preacher give ye information?"

"Yes."

"Has he got the reward yet?"

"No, of course not! We want goin' to do no cash in advance business."

There was the sound of a struggle at the door and a voice crying:

"Let me go in! I will go in!"

"Hit's the preacher!" some one said.

"Bill's a holdin' him outside."

A pistol gleamed from beneath the table and Jack Harris' hand leveled it at the leader's head.

"Let him in!" he said, sternly.

The preacher's white face was flushed and there were tears in his eyes as he limped across the room to Jack Harris' side.

"Oh, my friend," he cried, "what have I done? What have I done?"

"Delivered my note, I reckon."

"Yes, and sold your liberty for money! But God knows I am innocent of any intent to do so!" He buried his face in his hands.

"Now," said Harris, sternly, "Hudden, give the parson his reward. W'en the money's in his hand I'll drop this gun. While hit's up you know how safe your life is!"



"WHEN THE MONEY'S IN HIS HAND I'LL DROP THE GUN."

The vigilantes conferred together a moment. Then each produced his pocket-book and dropped a sum of money into the leader's slouch hat. As the money was poured on the table, Harris laid the pistol beside it. "That," he said, "take me."

Then, as hand-cuffs were quickly snapped on his wrists, he turned to

the young preacher. "Parson," he said, "that'll make you and the leetle gal in the East happy. Good-bye!" The young preacher sprang forward.

"Men," he cried, "one moment!" Then in tones that thrilled the hearts of the listeners he told the story of the horse thief's sacrifice. The little group shuffled about uneasily when he had finished.

"Boys," said the leader, suddenly, "I'm boss o' this yere association, haint I?"

"You air," they answered.

"An' what I say goes?"

"Hit does jist that!"

"An' boss stealin' means hangin' don't it?"

"Wal, I sentence the prisoner, Jack Harris, to be hung this day week. In the meantime, I place him in the keepin' uv Shorty Myers, the leetlest man in the crowd, an' if he let's the prisoner escape, I'll fine him two dollars and a half."

Shorty Myers extracted two dollars and a half in silver from his pocket and handed the money to the leader.

"Yere's my fine," he said.

"An' the preacher keeps the reward?"

"An' the preacher keeps the reward," the other answered.

"You bet!" chorused the rest of the vigilantes.

"Wal, any how, I'll git my rent now, I reckon," said a mop-headed vigilante.

"Sam Dyson," said the leader, sternly, "git out an' mount yer filly, less'n ye want to be fined, too."

"Hold on!" said Harris. "Is yer filly leetle, with a lump on her jaw?"

"Yas."

"Good thing I didn't know hit the other night."

"Why?"

"Cause if I had you'd a-be'n out a filly; that's all."

Two weeks after, when the ceremony was over that made the young preacher and the bright-faced Eastern girl man and wife, the bride looked fondly into her husband's eyes as she said:

"How much these people seem to think of you, and how generous they are toward you! Have they been so ever since you came out here?"

"No, the change took place only a few weeks ago."

"And, who were those stern, rough-looking men who shouted so when the ceremony was done?"

"They are the vigilantes."

"As I entered the State," the young wife said, presently, "just such a rough-looking man asked my name, and, when I told him, he said: 'Tell the parson ye saw Jack Harris, an' tell him I hope he'll be happy.' Then he disappeared."

"Heroic Jack!" the young wife exclaimed, when the minister had told her the story.

TOM P. MORGAN.

## ABOUT QUICK TEMPER.

An Unfailing Indication of a Lack of Mental Quickness.

A matter not unworthy of remark is the almost universal claim laid to that supposed-to-be undesirable possession, a quick temper. "I have a frightfully quick temper," is an assertion often made without any sign of regret, rather with evident self-complacency. And how often, when, with the intention of saying something pleasing, we remark upon the sweetness of a friend's disposition to the friend in person, are we met with the reply: "Oh, you're quite mistaken; I'm one of the quick-tempered people in the world!" given in a tone that does not imply modest depreciation of a compliment, but a decided sense of unappreciated merit.

Now this willingness—eagerness, it may even, without exaggeration, be called—to be convinced of what is acknowledged to be a fault, strikes one as a curious anomaly. No one would answer, if told, "You are very truthful," "Oh, no, I'm a constant liar," nor, if complimented upon consistent attention to her own business, would respond: "On the contrary, scandal-mongering is my favorite occupation." At least no one would give either of these answers in the serious way in which the claim to the possession of a hot temper is made. May there not be, underlying this inconsistency and explaining it, a misconception of the real meaning and source of a quick temper? To many minds this undesirable trait seems to be the outcome of many very admirable qualities. To be hot-tempered means, inferentially, in such mental vocabularies, to be generous, and large-minded, and unselfish, and—after a little lapse of time—forgiving. But I maintain that it means exactly the reverse of all these things. If a man be quick-tempered, if he give way to anger quickly and unrighteously (for I leave out of the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for good reason only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, if not in ten out of eight, his fury is kindled by some fancied slight to himself, and is allowed to blaze simply as an illumination in honor of his self-esteem; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words, is by no means synonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large-minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to see how small a point in the universe this temper-rousing episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly—in a flash of thought—the outburst would be averted.

A man who has been in the habit of lying awake nights has discovered a remedy for sleeplessness. He throws aside the pillow and adopts the practice of sleeping with the head and body nearly on the same level. Only man, among the animals, seems to require a pillow.

ment of their inequalities. They absolutely need it, and if Congressmen would address themselves to that they would do the soldiers far more good than in the passage of private pension bills. These operate, as a general thing, unfairly and unequally. That is to say, some person with Congressional influence succeeds in getting a pension, when there are many others in precisely the same case who fail because they have no such influence. Now there should be a general law under which all could come in, whether they had influence or not. I have signed more pension bills than all my predecessors put together, and those I have vetoed were bills that never should have been passed. I am willing to stand before the people on the reasons I have given for my vetoes. It seems like a small matter to deprive some poor person of twelve dollars a month from the public Treasury, but why should any person not be justly entitled to it have twelve dollars or twelve cents out of the people's money? These are matters of principle, not of generosity. But some of my vetoes have been in the interest of the applicant. Take for instance that case of Mrs. Smith. I vetoed the bill because her case was pending in the Pension Bureau, and if it passed there she would be entitled to a larger sum of money than she would get by the bill. I see by a Walla Walla newspaper that Mrs. Smith's claim has passed the Pension Bureau after I had 'brutally' vetoed it. This is true, and that is the very ground upon which I did veto it. If I had not 'brutally' vetoed it Mrs. Smith would have gotten some \$300 or \$400 less than she will get now, because her payment would have commenced with the passage of the bill, whereas now it commences from the time her claim was filed in the bureau."

"The opposition seem to be raking up a good many stories about you."

"I do not pretend to keep pace with the campaign lies manufactured out of whole cloth, and I only wonder at the ingenuity that devises them." It was said a short time ago that I had never appointed a Catholic priest as chaplain in the army or navy. Now, the fact is there have never been but three Catholic priests appointed as chaplains in the United States service, and I appointed two of them.

"And that story about my saying I believed in free trade as I believed in the Protestant religion. I can not imagine where people pick up such absurd statements. In the first place I don't believe in free trade at all, and in the next place free trade and protection are mere matters of Governmental policy. I don't look upon religion as a matter of policy. That is something of very much higher moment than anything political. But I never said and never could say anything that might be ever distorted into such an expression."

"How about that substitute, Mr. President?"

"Yes, it is true that I hired a substitute during the war. I am under the impression that some very eminent

## MR. CLEVELAND SPEAKS.

He Submits to an Interview and Explains a Great Many Things.

"People are sometimes curious to know, Mr. President, how you regard these Congressional assaults made on you personally?"

"In regard to personal assaults made upon me by my political opponents, I am free to say I care little for them. I know they are not true, and I believe they are meant to be understood—by myself, at least—in a Pickwickian sense. I confess that the speeches of some of the Senators surprise me, for I look upon the Senate of the United States as the most dignified body in the world, and certainly there have been speeches delivered there which do not comport with that dignity. But if they can stand it I can. I am a little amused, though, sometimes that these very Republican Senators who are the most bitter against me have no hesitation in asking very particular favors at my hands."

"Your pension vetoes have been criticised with some asperity?"

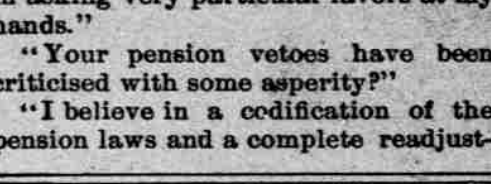
"I believe in a codification of the pension laws and a complete readjustment."

Republicans did the same thing. I was drafted when it was impossible for me to go. Two of my brothers were already in the service, and if it had been possible for me to have gone to justice to our family I would have gone voluntarily. A friend brought me the substitute, who was a Norwegian sailor, just paid off from his ship, and who was desirous of going into the army and making the most he could out of it. He was a splendid looking fellow, and I remember the provost marshal complimenting me on bringing in so fine a recruit. He enlisted and served through the war, and, so far as I know, was a good soldier. After the war he returned to Buffalo and called to see me. He was poor, and I gave him five dollars. He was afterward admitted to the Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y., and he died there, as many other soldiers did. He never was in a poor-house, so far as I know, and he certainly did not die in one."

Such, substantially, were the replies of the President made to the various questions propounded by the Herald's representative. He was as frank and open as the day, and his

FOR THE FAVORED FEW.

[Puck.]



"These Trusts are the natural offspring of a market artificially restricted."

Grover Cleveland, Letter of Acceptance.



"These Trusts are the natural offspring of a market artificially restricted."

Grover Cleveland, Letter of Acceptance.

every utterance bespoke his perfect sincerity.—Washington Cor. Chicago Herald.

## PROTECTION TRUSTS.

Capitalistic Combinations Fostered by Existing Tariff Laws.

Here is a list of some of the trusts that exist in the United States in consequence of high tariff:

1. The Street-Rail Trust, buttressed by a tariff tax of 17 per cent.
2. The Nail Trust, by a tariff tax of \$1.50 per 100 pounds.
3. The Iron Nut and Washer Trust, by a tax of 84 per 100 pounds.
4. The Barbed Fence Wire Trust, by a tax of 60 cents per 100 pounds.
5. The Copper Trust, by a tax of \$2.50 per 100 pounds.
6. The Lead Trust, by a tax of \$1.50 per 100 pounds.
7. The State-Pencil Trust, by a tax of 30 per cent.
8. The Nickel Trust, by a tax of \$15 per 100 pounds.
9. The Zinc Trust, by a tax of \$2.50 per 100 pounds.
10. The Sugar Trust, by a tax of 20 per 100 pounds.
11. The Oil-Cloth Trust, by a tax of 40 per cent.
12. The Jute-Bag Trust, by a tax of 40 per cent.
13. The Cordage Trust, by a tax of 30 per cent.
14. The Paper Envelope Trust, by a tax of 35 per cent.
15. The Gutta-Percha Trust, by a tax of 35 per cent.
16. The Castor Oil Trust, by a tax of 80 cents per gallon.
17. The Lined Oil Trust, by a tax of 35 cents per gallon.
18. The Cottonseed Oil Trust, by a tax of 35 cents per gallon.
19. The Borax Trust, by a tax of \$5 per 100 pounds on borax and borate lime, and \$4 per 100 pounds on commercial borate acid.
20. The Ultramarine Trust, by a tax of \$5 per 100 pounds.

The effect of monopoly tariff on capitalistic combinations does not stop with those above enumerated. The tendency of the system is to foster trusts of all kinds, and to encourage close combinations of capitalists hostile to the interests of labor and to individual business enterprise.—N. Y. Star.

## A Campaign of Documents.

It is to be a campaign of thought, the Democrats said at the very opening of the present canvass, and they have kept their word. The literary bureau system of campaigning, inaugurated so successfully by Mr. Tilden in 1876, has been carried out more thoroughly and effectually this year than ever before. The National Campaign Committee has sent out 4,250,000 documents already, and is sending out from 100,000 to 150,000 more a day. When, in addition to this, the documentary work done by the sub and State committees are considered, it is safe to say that every voter in the country has received one or more political papers, showing why he should vote for Cleveland. With all these facts and arguments before them, the numerous publications showing what the Democrats have done for the country and what they propose to do, no misrepresentations or falsehoods of the Republicans can have the slightest effect. There is no chance of the campaign being turned on false or irrelevant issues, with the flood of documents now pouring over the country.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

## The World's Greatest River.

The greatest river of the world is the Amazon. It rises in the Peruvian Andes, about sixty miles from the Pacific ocean, and flows, including its windings, a distance of 4,000 miles to the Atlantic, which it enters under the equator in Brazil. The average velocity of the current is three miles an hour. It is navigable for large ships 2,300 miles from its mouth. The area drained by the Amazon and its tributaries is estimated at 2